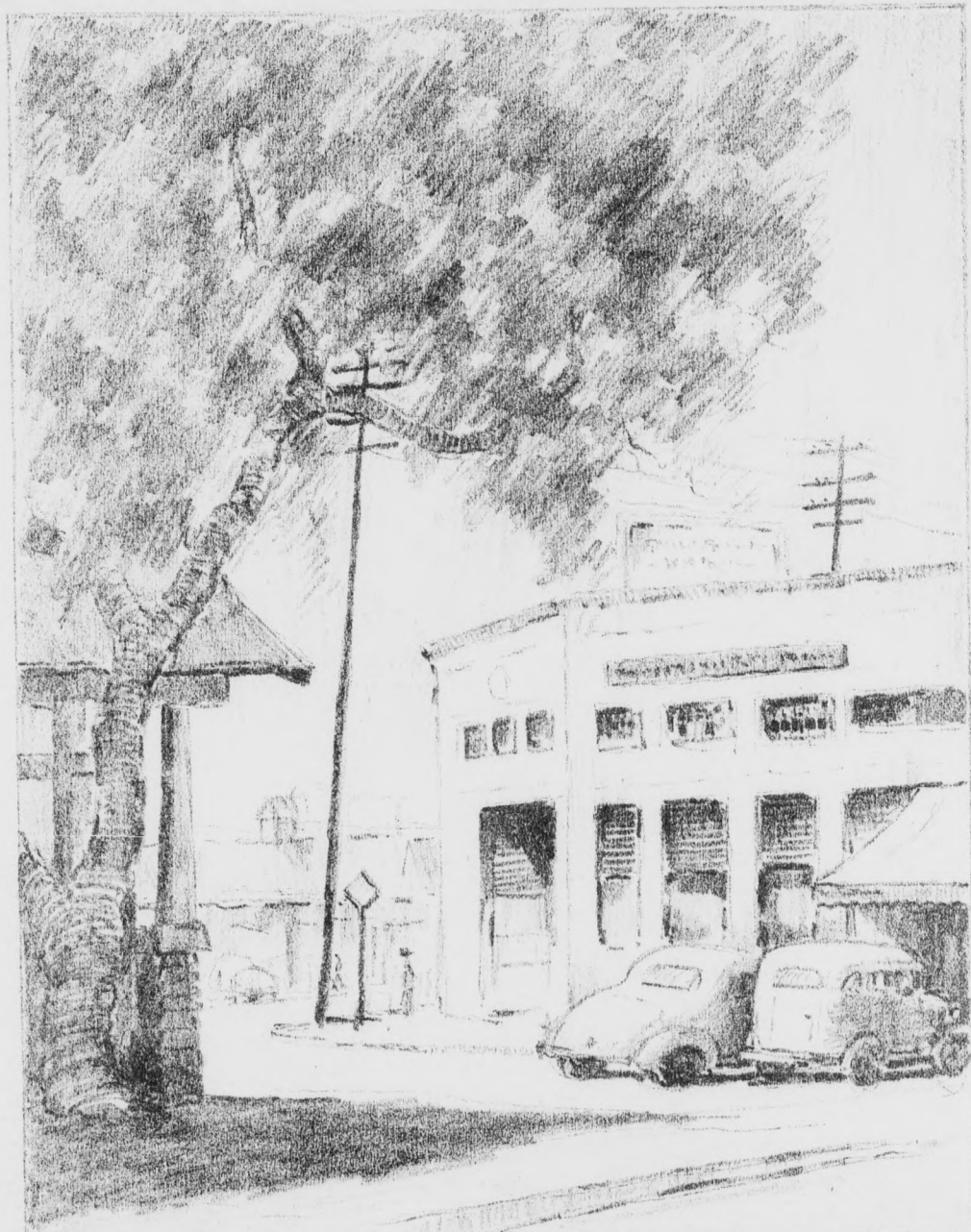


# HIGH LIGHTS



Street Scene, Sierra Madre

Bernard Wynne Feb. '46

SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD

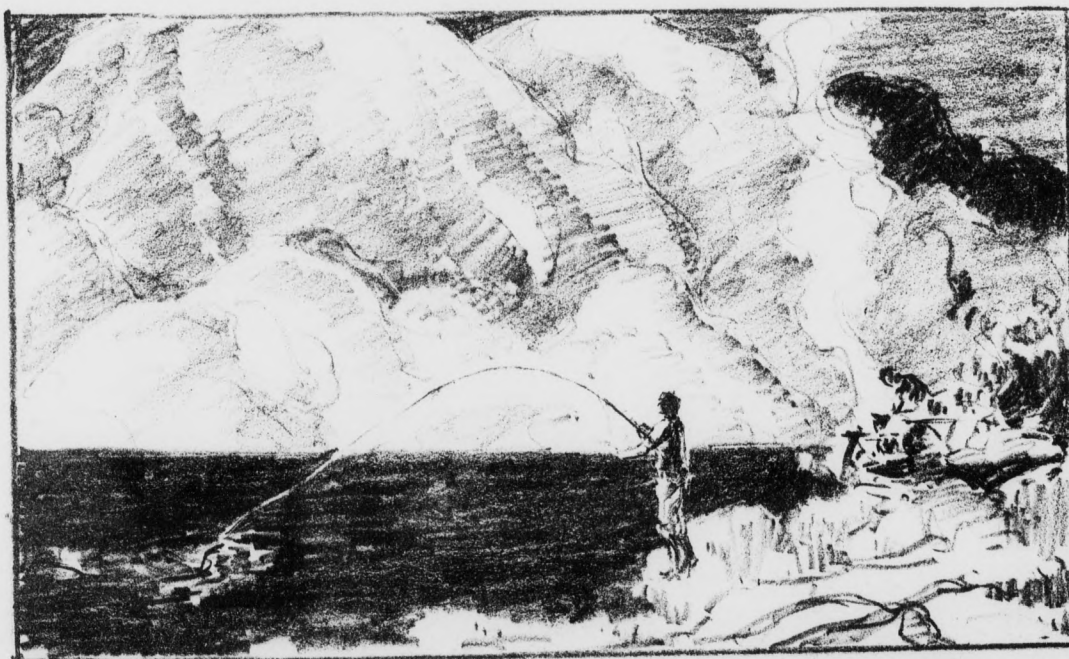


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## HIGH LIGHTS

FEBRUARY 1946

Volume 7 Number 2

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### ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing, a lithograph, is the work of Bernard Wynne. The sketches for the advertisements are by Alfred James Dewey. The lettering was done by Elmer Weese, commercial artist. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at Pasadena, California.

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.



## TWO POEMS

Janet Cheney

## TEARS OR THORNS FOR GRANIA

Grania! Grania!  
Your tears lie over the field  
that they would tell me  
is only a mirror,  
a mirror of dew  
under a silvering moon.

Oh, Grania!  
Don't you know ... the hedge there  
that you pass through to reach your field  
is thick with thorns;  
that each  
is a sharp sorrow  
I hid there  
when they took me from you.

Stop, Grania,  
for more than pity!  
Pick a thorn  
as you pass through to your silver field;  
then,  
should a blood-red drop  
spring to your finger ...

Can't you see, Grania ...  
Oh, Grania!  
It has sprung from my torn mind  
to color your white field  
our poppy-red  
just once again.

## PASADENA MOUNTAINS

Silently,  
white moonlight floods them:  
the mountains encircling the town  
are etched on a shining silver plate  
hung low,  
yet curiously far.

Flooded with silver light,  
greyed, softened, still,

they are lit by the skillfully placed  
light of the moon:  
an arc-light  
held in the hands of Time.

Purely lit,  
remotely radiant,  
they gently proclaim our mortality;  
flood-lit by the torch of Time,  
they watch our passing,  
far below.

---

### STRANGE GARDEN

Is it not strange that I remember so little? What happened yesterday or the day before, if ever I knew, I have completely forgotten; and even of that silent house that I left only this morning, I recollect nothing at all. This much alone I have heard: it was out of darkness and silence I came, and into silence and darkness I return. Unheralded out of night sprang the day, dispelling the mists and breathless slumber, to reveal a garden, a paradise in a setting of stars. Suddenly I find myself in the midst of the beauty of roses and in the midst of the menace of thorns. But now the day grows late: once again the chilling mists descend about me; once again, slowly, the dimness of the night. A little while - this is the sum of my knowledge - a little while, and I return to the silent house.

Is it not strange that I am enlightened so little? Why I came into the garden today or why I ever came, though I often ask, there comes no answer; and what that silent house may mean, there comes not a word or a sign. This much alone seems clear: I came on a secret mission and on a secret mission I return. The ways are dark, the purposes of the Maker of gardens are unknown to me. Today, I who was unseen of yesterday, walk in the midst of roses, and I, unseen of tomorrow, walk in the midst of thorns. But now the light grows dim: slowly under the deepening dusk the gleaming petals darken; slowly, one by one, their glowing colors fade. A little while - this is the gist of my learning - a little while, and I return to the silent house.

L. B. W.

## THE WISDOM OF EROS

S. G.

A man loves a woman with the idea of making her happy, but a woman loves a man only for the happiness that he offers her. Hence comes the old saying, "Hope springs eternal ..."

Man proposes but woman interposes.

Without some woman, no man was ever his fullest self. This accounts for the fact that the benedict's cup so often runs over.

All painted faces look alike until Love goes color blind.

In love, man takes opportunity as he finds it and loudly boasts of his wisdom; but woman makes the opportunity that he stumbles over, and holds her counsel.

When once her position is assured, even a virtuous woman enjoys the hazards of an occasional temptation; but alas, it is only the elderly that are thus assured.

To love and to let love, without harm to others: this is the law and the prophets, not of the prudes, but of all true moralists.

When timidity takes refuge behind a mask of dignity, a little awkwardness causes acute distress. This explains much of the intense sufferings of early love.

Man is by nature polygamous; custom alone makes him otherwise, and custom is the invention of woman, solely for her own protection. Hence it is that woman, if not the stronger sex, is certainly the more wily.

No man is ever quite tolerant of the woman who has once refused his affections; but she, having once rejected him, holds for him ever afterwards, nevertheless, a tender place in her heart.

Nothing but love can inspire in man the greatest courage; yet, it is oftenest pity and compassion for weakness that inspire the strongest love.

A proper child is seen but not heard; a beautiful woman is heard before she is seen; a man, sometimes; but after she is once seen, neither man nor child is seen or heard.



The lands of Romance and the meadows of Love are the fields whereon a beautiful woman stages battle; and this is a victory, not to the strong, but to the fair.

The cogs enmesh, the wheels spin round, and evermore through the mills of Love goes the endless grist like a storm cloud sweeping the vales of the universe; yet there comes forth but the merest trickle of grain, gossamer-light and ephemeral, like the golden star dust that trails the fleeting comets of the skies.

---

HEAVEN

Eleanor Lockridge

You know, lately I've been thinking about Heaven, with a good deal more interest than ever before.

To tell the truth, the prospect had never appealed to me - too dull, too, too nice; everybody kind, good, understanding and sweet. There would never be a little tidbit of gossip among the angels, nor would sex ever rear its ugly head. No naughty stories, so unrefined - no rib-prodding - no Sweet Angelines after a drink too many. And those robes patterned after Mother Hubbards, those haloes with no mad touch of a John Frederick or a Lily Dache - I could stand them for a year, but for me, for eons, they wouldn't look good!

The worst of it is, I know I'm bound to go there; for in spite of my innate carnal nature, and the Paris and West Indies episodes, I'm still such a "fine woman" and a noble character that even Saint Peter would be shocked to see me sent elsewhere. My tongue will be in my cheek, however, at least part of the time.

Recently, however, the prospect has brightened. Why? Because I love boys - and Heaven must be a jolly place now with all those gay, frisky young spirits trying out the G. I. tricks on the conservative angels - balancing their crowns at a precarious Navy angle, standing the Cherubim on their heads - or maybe a few of the nice lady angels (those robes do drape easily) - and surely some must be young and pretty! The jokes they must be cracking, and the precious stones they must be "liberating" and trying to send home by some new method! I could mother them and listen to all the things they had planned. It would be fun.

## WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET

Zoe Colt

They were mother and little daughter, unmistakably the same soft, dark hair and blue eyes, the same up-curved, generous mouth.

At the moment, there were no other customers in the girls' section of the large department store. A saleswoman, smiling and interested, was holding up two party dresses for their approval. The little girl, in her simple cotton frock, her hair tied back by a narrow blue ribbon, clasped her hands in delight, and gazed rapturously first at one dress and then at the other. One was rosy pink, the other was soft blue, and both were long and ruffly and utterly enchanting.

At last she chose the blue dress, but not until after she had looked long and lingeringly at the pink one. With quick, eager fingers she took off her own dress and stood, breathlessly still in her little white petticoat, while the saleswoman slipped the party dress over her head. It fell about her feet in a lovely swirl - a magic frock of misty blue.

Startled, mother and daughter stared in wonderment, for the little girl was gone! A radiant, dark-haired girl in blue, with mystery in her eyes, looked out from the mirror. Excitement grew in her face as she regarded her new self. Backward and forward she walked, her hands proudly upheld, as though she trod through marble halls, and a prince, no less, walked beside her.

She turned, and her starry eyes rested upon her mother. She smiled, a far-away smile. The mother smiled back, and a tear fell upon her hand. Perhaps she was remembering when her own eyes were filled with shining dreams; perhaps she was saying a little prayer, "May life be kind to her."

---

NOTICE: -

The regular meetings of the Guild, heretofore held on the first Friday evening of each month, will hereafter be held on that of the second Friday instead. Same place.



horace

the guild mouse

horace sez rachel as she podered hir noze why did U tirn the radeeoh off rite in2 the midil of that beecoti-full music just becaws my deer i sez as i filled my pipe as i thot ide sit back and kogitate becaws i git indijeschun every which time i heer that skueekin stuff what U kall hot music i sed. and whats more in the 1st place it aint music i sed and in the 2nd place its the same as it was in2 the 1st place.

well sez rachel dawbing sum lip stick on2 her chin U R gitting older than eye thot she sez in fakt ure alredie thair which makes me no difference personal and dont U no she sez that hot music refleckts our times she kontinered as it depicks our mussed up wirlld.

its a jumbel of blasts that makes cold chills run up and down my spine thats what i meen sez rachel and it duz sumthing 2 folks she sez. it shur duz i sez and espesh-shally duz it make folks want 2 kommit mirdir caws i kood give awl of them bands sloe poysen and make em suffir i sez same as they make me for 2 suffir i sez and then ide throw em in quike lime and ...

o nuts sez rachel U R jist a disgruntiled old soan so she sez and more the which i ignoar out of becaws eyem 2 polite 2 repeet it.

getting back 2 that jive refleckts our mussed up wirlld i sez U R messed up sez rachel messin up our peece an rite heer in2 our home she sez in spite of what U say that moosic thrills me it stirs up my emoshuns i kood kry i kood laf i kood throw things she sez i kood skreem i kood danse in2 the klouds. hold U everything i sez U meen 2 set thare and tell me as how that when U heer wailin toots skreechin blasts hart renderin mowns thundering drums with each blast and krash trying 2 tere the liver outen U that U kan get so emoshunally soothed i ast?

thats what i meen sez rachel and U say that eyem gittin old i sez well bee that as it may i sez i kan take ure abuse and i will refrayn frum menshuning ure age i sez which is konsiderabel if U ast me i sez but and i will take the libertie of reminding U awl that U R no springing chik-ken i sez and that U sed "that moosic reminds me it stirs my emoshuns i kood kry i kood laf i kood skreem i kood also throw things i kood danse in2 the klouds" U sed awl that my deer rachel i sed the 1st time what U herd the old missouri walts i sed. thats what i meen sed rachel moosic duz that awl un2 me she sed.

---

GUILD MEETINGS

At the February meeting of the Guild, to be held on the evening of Friday, February 8, Mr. Harlan Ware of Arcadia, the well-known writer of many short stories, is to speak to the Guild on certain phases of dramatic literature in this country, and will read a play.

Mr. Ware, whose stories long have been appearing in Collier's and elsewhere, had had a number of his stories adapted and screened as motion pictures. His most recent motion picture, and possibly his best to date, is the one, "Too Young to Know," that appeared first as a story in the Saturday Evening Post.

In addition to the speaker, there is to be a short musical program.

The January meeting, that of January 11, featured another showing of fine, interesting kodachromes. Mr. James Henze, formerly with the American Armed Forces in New Guinea and the Southwest Pacific, showed many excellent color pictures of scenes from the New Guinea area. Supplementing this showing, Mr. Rol Lewis and Mr. Elmer Weese added many kodachromes of scenes from the High Sierras and Arizona.

---

ON DRAWING

There is scarcely a child whose first impulse is not to scribble on the wall or any fresh piece of paper. It is almost the first thing that he wishes to do, and there is hardly a parent who does not cuff him for it. The scribbling upon the margin of his school-books is really worth more to the child than all he gets out of them. To him the margin is the best part of all books, and he finds in it the soothing influence of a clear sky in a landscape.

Have you ever been in California? They say that we should see the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, if we wish to look at scenery! The extraordinary, however, does not come within the province of Art. You can't represent the height of the Alps or the Sierras. We must keep ourselves within the limits of possibility!

W. M. Hunt

## DUTIES AND CONDUCT OF A SOLE WIFE

(Editor's note: The following is an excerpt from that Hindu classic, the Kama-Sutra, chap. XXI, which we reprint here as being most excellent advice which it is to be hoped may soon be adopted by the ladies of our own country, as conducive more to domestic felicity and less to the universal spirit of gadding about.)

A good sole wife should love her husband deeply, should act in conformity with his wishes and should regard him as if he were a god. With his consent she should take upon herself the care of his household. She should always keep the whole house very clean and so well-scrubbed as to be pleasing to the eye; she should arrange flowers of various kinds in different parts thereof and should keep the floors and courtyards (patios) smooth and polished so as to give the house a neat and becoming appearance. In the opinion of Gonardiya, there can be nothing more attractive to a family man than such a home. She should treat her parents-in-law, her husband's sisters and their husbands, her superiors, the friends and servants of his household, with the proper amount of respect or authority due to each.

On a suitable plot of ground about the home (the kitchen garden), cleared of stones and pebbles, she should plant beds of green vegetables, plots of sugar cane, mustard and seasonings of all kinds, and the hot tamala. In the garden attached to the home she should plant every kind of fruit tree and yet others that yield a large number of flowers, and should have plantations of balaka (balalaika?) and other condiments prepared. Moreover, she should have beautiful seats and arbors constructed within the garden where wells and square and rectangular tanks (septic?) also should be dug.

A wife should always avoid the company of professional beggar-women, Buddhist nuns, Jain nuns, secretly unchaste women, women magicians, women soothsayers and women who practice the occult arts of spell-binding, etc. As regards meals, she should have a perfect knowledge of what her husband likes and dislikes and she should also always consider what is good for his health and what is injurious so as to be able to select a suitable menu for him. When she hears the sound of his footsteps coming nearer or his voice outside the house she should at once come out into the outer hall, saying, "Can I be of any service?" and be ready to do whatever he may command her to. She should dismiss the maidservant and wash his feet herself. She should



not be visible to her husband in a secluded place without her ornaments and toilet on. If he is a spendthrift or is unwise in spending, she should reason with him on the matter in private.

She should attend wedding receptions, weddings or ceremonial worships and, in the company of her own female friends, social gatherings of her own set or temples of the deities only after obtaining the consent of her husband. She should participate in such sportive festivities as the "Night of All-waking" in such manner as her husband likes. She should go to bed after her husband and get up before him, and should not awaken him when he is asleep. In the daytime she should not rouse him from his siesta until he has had his full quota of sleep.

If the husband is to blame in any matter, or in the event of any misconduct on his part, she may look just a little annoyed and displeased but should not use very unpleasant words. She should not use harsh abusive language towards him but should rebuke him with conciliatory words when he is either alone or in the exclusive company of his bosem friends. She must never use any drugs or charms to make him love her. There is nothing that more completely destroys a husband's trust, says Gonardiya, than the use of such things. Lastly, she should avoid harsh speech, sulky looks, speaking aside to people, standing in the doorway or at the front door, looking at passers-by from the doorway, having private conversations with others in the house-garden (the outer patios) and waiting or remaining in secluded places for a long time.

Perspiration, filth upon the teeth and a repugnant body odor (B O) cause disgust in the husband; therefore she should always keep her body, her teeth, her hair and everything belonging to her tidy, sweet and clean. When the wife wants to meet her husband in private (in the drawing-room or the outhouse) her dress and decorations should consist of many ornaments, various kinds of flowers, sweet-smelling unguents and brilliantly colored apparel. The proper dress for visiting, outing, etc. should be composed of two pieces of cloth of a moderate length - these should be fine and closely woven - a few ornaments, a little of perfume and unguents and white flowers.

A wife should emulate her husband in the observance of vows and fasts. She should dissuade the protesting husband by telling him, "Please do not press me not to do it." She should purchase, at appropriate times of the year and when they happen to be cheap, such useful articles as earthen utensils, cane baskets, wooden pots, iron pots,

leather pots, etc., so as to be well stocked against rising markets. She should also hoard within the house secret supplies of rock salt and other salts, oils, perfumes, potfuls of pepper and other articles which are always wanted, and also rare drugs and spices to provide against any possible dearth and scarcity. She should collect and sow in the proper season seeds of radish, potato, swedes, spinach, gingerly, garlic, onion and other vegetables.

A wife should never divulge to a third person or a stranger the amount of her wealth nor the secrets that her husband has confided to her. She should attain eminence and excel all the women of her own social circle by her superior abilities, cleverness, knowledge of cooking, intelligence and deftness in other useful techniques. She should estimate the annual income correctly (figure the income tax) and spend accordingly. She should get ghee (boiled butter) from the surplus milk left over after the day's consumption, oil from mustard, jaggery and treacle from the sugar cane, yarn from cotton and cloth from yarn. She ought to procure hanging-nets for pots, ropes and plant fibres (such as jute, rouselle, etc.). She should supervise the pounding and cleaning of rice. She should know how to utilise the water and gruel of rice, its husk, its broken fragments and its powder as well as the charcoal from wood fuel and plant mold. She should be well posted on the scale of salaries and other provisions for servants in relation to the time and the locality. She should make arrangements for cultivation, sowing, planting and tilling and also for the poultry and cattle-breeding and conveyances. She should keep a watch on the sheep, fowl, quails, talking birds, cuckoos, peacocks, monkeys, deer, etc., that may be reared in the grounds of the house. In addition, she should keep an account of the daily income and expenditure. She should collect the worn-out clothes cast off by her husband and, having dyed or washed them, should give them away as reward or a mark of favor to those who have been serving or have served her well or should make out of them wicks for lamps and covers for quilts or pillows. She should stock in a secret place jars of wines and spirits for use on appropriate occasions. All sales and purchases, including laying in of stocks and consumption of articles, should be well attended to.

The friends of her husband should be welcomed with gifts of garlands of flowers, unguents and screws of betel in the proper manner. The parents of the husband she should treat respectfully, always deferring to their wishes. She should not disagree with or contradict them, but should speak to them in soft, measured words; laughter in their presence should be mild. Those who are dear to them should



be treated as dear to herself, while those whom they regard with disfavor should be similarly regarded by the wife. She should not be vain of opulence or too much taken up with enjoyments, and should have charity for servitors; but she should not make a gift to anyone without the knowledge of her husband. She should so control her servants that they would mind their duties, but she should be liberal towards them on the occasions of holidays and festivities.

When the husband is away on a sojourn (out with sick friends) the wife should wear only those indispensable ornaments that a woman with a husband living must wear and should appease the deities (in the interests of the welfare of the husband, of course) by all fasts and other customary acts of self-denial. She should make offerings to the deities every morning, noon and evening, and should arrange for the regular worship of the deities in the family shrine (place where the check-book is kept).

While anxious to hear the latest news of the absent husband, she should, as before, supervise all the details of household work. At this time she should sleep with her mother-in-law and be guided by the advice of her superiors and make herself agreeable to them. She should set out with every care to realise all the money that the husband had planned to make and to complete the collection of all his partly realised dues. She should see to it that the current expenses are adequate and reasonable and that all the transactions instituted by the husband before his journey are successfully completed. In the absence of the husband on a sojourn she should never go on a visit to her father's place except on festive and funeral occasions. Even when she has to go on these occasions, she should go in her usual dress (i.e., without pomp or grandeur) with her husband's relations or retinue and she should return home in a short time. She should augment the family coffers by holding sales and purchases according to the advice of honest and obedient employees and should economise on expenditure as far as possible. On the return of the husband she should first meet him in the weeds of a grass widow, so that he may know in what manner she has lived during his absence. For his well-being, she should worship the deities and make offerings to them.

In conclusion, it has been said: "A woman enjoying the sole love of a man, whether she be a legally married wife or a widow or a courtesan, should follow the canons of proper conduct that have been described above. The rewards of this devotion are religious merit, wealth, satisfaction of desire and the possession of a husband without a co-wife to share his love."





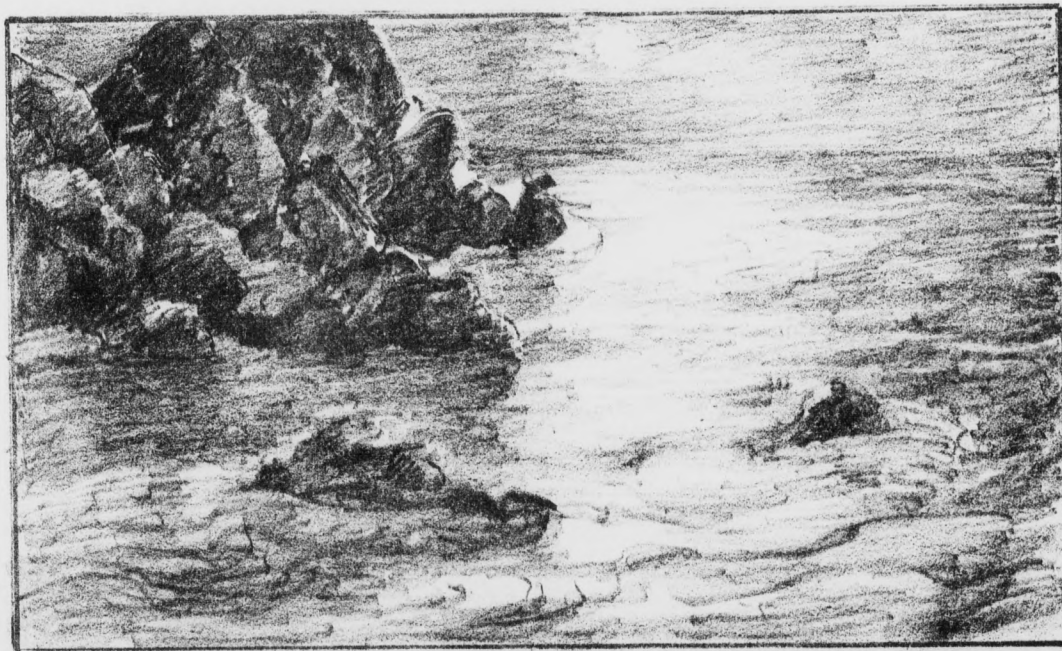
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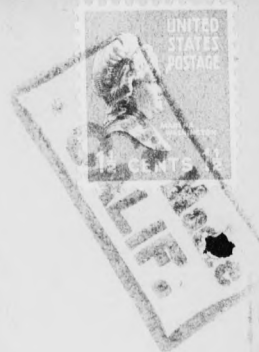


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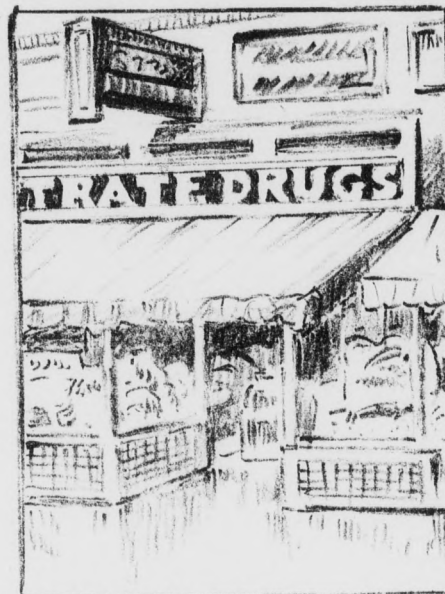


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